

A
R I D E and W A L K
T H R O U G H
S T O U R H E A D.

A
P O E M.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, N^o 62, in St. Paul's
Church-Yard. MDCCLX~~X~~XX.

[Price One Shilling.]

R. D. E. and W. A. L.

THROUGH

STOURHEAD

P. O. E. M.

LONDON

Printed by J. E. and C. RIVINGTON, New Street, Church-Yard, MDCCCXIX.

Price One Shilling.

STOURHEAD.

STOURHEAD I sing. My Subject me inspire.
No fabled God or Goddess I invoke
For feeble Aid. Nought but my Theme itself
Can by it's Inspiration me conduct
Through an Assemblage of such endless Beauties,
As HOARE himself alone could bid arise;
Nature's sly Mimic, Imitator close!
So snugly blending with her Feats his own,
That the whole Credit of his grand Exploits
Is lost; since all are ready to exclaim
Enraptured, see unrivall'd Nature's Work,
With what Profusion this her darling Spot
She has enrich'd from her all-bounteous Hand.

CHEARFULL from * HELLGAR's hospitable Roof
I issue forth, and mount without or Dread
Or Fear my Fellow-Trav'ler steady, safe;
Who any other Lord ne'er recognized;
But from her Infant State was taught to munch
Ceres's Bounty from my constant Hand.

* Inn at Stourton.

In Love five Lustrums we've together spent : 20
 Now-a-Day seldom meet such happy Pairs.
 Galloping Time, quoth I, 'tis true, is past
 With both ; therefore proceed just as you list.
 * Bad to be moved, with stately solemn Pace,
 Progressive only, she at length ascends, 25
 Where parted from us by a Velvet Lawn
 The Mansion elegant of Stourhead's Lord
 A Master's Hand confesses. With tacit Joy,
 From various Motives, one the deep-green Lawn
 Devours in Thought, and grinds her sapless Bit; 30
 T'other with Aspect somewhat more erect
 Surveys not less engaged the tasteful Pile.
 At length his well-pleased eye unsatisfied
 O'er fruitful Vales to distant hills he turns.
 There superb ——— Castle meets him, Prank 35
 Of ———, happy if Castles ne'er had been.

We move. Quickly appears the awful † Front; 40
 Where ancient Sages, Nature's Prodigies,
 Delight, enrapture, cultivate, adorn.

Soon the deceiving widen'd Path presents 40
 Sacred to Phœbus the aspiring Column,
 Indebted to Minerva's Art divine
 For it's magnificent Simplicity.
 The Rays, which from th' enlight'ning Summit dart,
 Cast far and wide a splendid Dignity. 45
 Deluded Persians here might prostrate fall.

* Moveri iussa. Hon. † Library.

And

And pay their Adoration to their God.
 At the loath'd Sight poor trembling Daphne shrinks,
 Alas, unable now to be pursued !

But lo, beneath Nature's rich Carpet spread 50
 Of vivid Green, her favourite Attire !
 Beauties ineffable distract the Eye,
 Puzzle the Mind, and captivate the Heart.
 Here nat'ral Grandeur the great Whole pervades :
 The Goddess in her gayest Robes is clad. 55
 Here she exhibits with most lib'ral Hand
 The amply-spacious Lawn enrapturing,
 On either Side with clustring Firs bedeck'd
 Innumerable.

With shelt'ring Arms extended see them guard 60
 Their beauteous Rival prostrate at their Feet.
 Here stands the Fir to HOARE's all-fost'ring hand
 Debtor for it's Sublimity ; the Pride
 And Joy of Cybele ; not only first
 In the Cybelean Grove, but 'midst the Race 65
 Of it's aerial Sisters none's it's Second.
 Th' Horizon terminates the glorious View
 Of one continued Lawn ; unless perchance
 The undiscover'd Village intervenes
 Immerg'd, as latent Puffs in Furrow deep. 70
 Happy Deception ! warrantable fraud !

From hence the length'ning Terrafs strains the Eye,
 Skreen'd from the howling North's destructive Breath,
 By Caledonian Pines and Norway's tow'ring Firs,
 Contrasted with the Leaf-retaining Beech,

Exhibiting her Gold through frozen Months.
 Expanse immense, endless, unlimited!
 Th' Expanse immense eternal Verdure crowns,
 And vivifies the richly-finish'd Scene.

But 'midst the Glare of Objects truly great 80
 Beware, least humble Merit be o'erlook'd;
 For Merit may be found in humble State.
 See down the concave Vale yon modest Spire:
 To it old STOUR owes his pellucid Streams,
 Fountain of Life, of Pleasure and of Wealth 85
 To Myriads: Its Shelter once remov'd,
 The nat'ral Mirror would no longer glide:
 But from his six-fold Source, with Mouth impure,
 Polluted STOUR wou'd hasten to salute
 Naiads averse; nor wou'd e'en rustic Dames 90
 On their Bohea infuse th' unwholesome Draught.
 Such Merit may be found in Stations low.
 Extended Mountains guard the sacred Streams,
 Till they descend where Neptune rides in state.

O'er the cropt luscious Terras I proceed, 95
 (MARO's Elyfian Fields surpassing far)
 Till on the left an Amphitheatre,
 The artful Work of Nature when in Sport,
 Dilates its deep-indented Sides profound
 Into Immensity. The giddy Head 100
 Pays for the Raptures of the greedy Eye.
 Here Dryads kept in state, Seraglio chaste,
 Give Plenitude of Joy unsatiating.
 The Grand Seignior boast of Nymphs like these?

Forest

Forest o'er Forest peeping, Grove o'er Grove, 105
 Thousands of stately Oaks, our future Fleets,
 When other GEORGES reign, and BARRINGTONS
 Of Treachery convince perfidious France
 By cogent Argument, Millions of Firs
 And speaking Pines in Elegance unmatch'd, 110
 With Thousand Times Ten Thousand other Trees,
 Which but to name wou'd ask an hundred Tongues,
 Arranged at once for Profit and Delight,
 With Judgment most exact and Taste refined,
 Ploclaim an HOARE, his passing Ear salute, 115
 And in ÆOLIAN Music hail their Lord.

Above on KINGSETTLE's romantic Front
 See the atlantic Structure prop the Skies,
 Eternal Monument of Gratitude!
 On SARUM's boasted Turret looking down, 120
 While subject Clouds around its Basis float.
 Here the Great ALFRED taught invading Hosts
 The Force of ENGLISH Arms and ENGLISH Hearts.
 Here daring northern Plunderers * confefs'd
 Almighty culture's Superiority. 125
 Here (as of old the Locusts, baneful Swarm,
 Which impious PHARAOH's fertile Land o'er-spread,
 In the RED SEA total Perdition found)
 Those that escaped the Monarch's vet'ran Bands,
 Perish'd in sanguine Sea from Brothers slain, 130
 In Torrents rushing down KINGSETTLE's furrow'd Sides.

* Sensere quid Mens rite, quid Indoles

Nutrita faustis sub Penetralibus

Posset.

HOR. Lib. IV. Ode IV.

Hail,

Hail, ALFRED, sacred Name, revered, adored!
 Hail, our LYCURGUS! hail, thy Country's boast!
 Her Friend, Protector, Father, hail, all hail!
 Thou saidst, let Freedom be, and Freedom was. 135
 Thou saidst, let Freedom be, and Freedom is.
 And † till this Monument shall turn to Dust,
 Raised to thy Mem'ry by thy grateful Son;
 Till yon great Luminary cease to shine,
 Or stop in his Meridian full Career; 140
 (As once, while JOSHUA flew his Country's Foes,
 Affetter of dear Liberty like thee)
 Till ingrate BRITONS curse thy hallow'd Name,
 And hug, like GALLIA's wretched Sons, their Chains,
 The Influence benign of thy great Soul 145
 (A Soul angelic of superior Rank)
 Britons shall feel; and to thy Policy
 Shall owe their Property, their Lives, their All.
 True Policy's to aim at public Good,
 As thine: All else is base and counterfeit. 150

Even those blissful Scenes before us owe
 To ALFRED's Soul invincible their Bliss:
 Which else Queen-killing Danes had occupied,
 A Race uncultivated as their Clime.
 Scenes, where eternal Peace, with placid Train, 155
 Her Doves secure hopping from Spray to Spray
 Hears with Delight, cooing their Constancy.

† In Freta dum Fluvii current, dum Montibus Umbrae
 Lustrabunt Convexa, Polus dum Sidera pascet,
 Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. VIRG. ÆN. Lib. I.

Save

Save that old * SPENCER's Gun compassionate
Once in a Winter's Moon the ambient Air
Pops into Agitation, while he frees 160
The pinion'd Woodcock from a ling'ring Death.

I climb ambitious (what dares not Ambition?)
(Herculean Labour!) ALFRED's sacred Tower.
I catch, or seem to catch his patriot Fire.
The igneous Particles play round my Heart: 165
It feels their Warmth, but finds its Efforts vain;
For Station, humble Station, bids it stoop,
And makes it own that ALFRED was a King.
Had he been Village-bred, he'd ALFRED been;
But Station, powerful Station, bad him shine. 170
The Rose, that opens near the humble Cot,
Emits its sweet Effluvia, blushes sweet.
Transplant it into † ILCHESTER's fair Bosom,
Ten-fold its Sweetness, ten-fold is its Blush.

The Summit gain'd, their Point with most is gain'd. 175
Not so with me: My Views are unconfined.
Here ASIATIC Mountains Wonder claim.
Here Nature on her larger Scale displays
Her Works stupendous. Thou all-wise Creator,
Whose Fiat kind, gracious, omnipotent 180
Bad all Things be, and all Things were, receive
My Thanks, Praise, Homage, Worship, Gratitude.

* Gamekeeper at STOURHEAD.

† The present most worthy Earl's Countess, than whom this or perhaps any other
Age has seen nothing more lovely and truly amiable.

O'er

O'er the gay SEVERN fraught with Gallic Spoils,
 Produce of either INDIA, I survey
 Th' exalted Fastnesses and Castles famed 185
 Of CAMBRIA unsubdued, whose mighty Chiefs
 Not conquering CÆSAR boasted at his Car,
 Nor ENGLISH Monarchs unavenged attack'd.
 GLENDOWER, CAMBRIA'S ALFRED, leads his Hosts
 To bloody Fights, and leads them back unbled. 190

See WILTSHIRE's yellow Plains o'ercharged with Grain,
 The Lab'rer's Food, and Farmer's Luxury,
 While Amber Beer provokes the far-fetch'd Joke
 At social Christmas, and the luscious Draught
 Calls forth his Deep-tongued rustic Melody. 195

I move around: DORSET's salubrious Downs
 Millions of frisking Lambs untainted bear.
 Black Swans and rotten Sheep may here be found
 In equal Numbers. Hills, like Sugar-Loaves,
 Of various Height start forth. Old ÆTNA, such 200
 Thy Sides appear. Mountains of Rock calcined,
 And Towers of Lava (whilom liquid Fire
 And roaring Seas) self-built the Trav'ler views
 Amaz'd: These thy prolific dreadful Womb
 Brings forth in Thunder, while thy fruitful Throes 205
 Afflict thy sympathizing Neighbours round.

Beneath extended SOMERSET's fat Vales
 Lie open to my View. Here Oxen ponderous
 In softest Meads lick up the Knee-deep Grass.
 Sweet-breathing Heifers, careful Housewife's Pride, 210
 Bring

Bring Home distended Dugs each Morn and Eve,
 In Bellowings complaining of their Load.
 The Milkmaid's Hand persuasive strokes the Teat,
 The snowy Torrent fills the well-scower'd Pail.
 See there the * Spot where † BERKELEY, Name beloved, 215
 Anxious for human Welfare nobly thought.
 Alas, with Tears I've since bedew'd his Grave!
 His Works his Monument: Surviving Friends
 To these trust ‡ prudent rather than to Stone.
 If Fortune kind e'er visit me, dear Shade, 220
 The Parian Marble shall recite thy Deeds
 In rude unpolish'd Lays affectionate;
 For rude unpolish'd Lays are all I have!

Beyond, the EDEN of fair ALBION stands,
 DEVONIA's highly-cultivated Fields. 225
 There the neat Farmer Profit and Delight
 Happily blends: A Garden each Estate.
 One County boasts of Flocks, one of its Herds,
 A third of Corn-Land, chequer'd DEVON All;
 Nay more than All: POMONA's richest Fruits 230
 In Floods autumnal Nectar's Rival yield.
 Hail, plenteous, hospitable, happy Land!

Here let me take my Leave, and measure back,
 But with slow Haste, the Road I've rashly climb'd.

* BRUTON-ABBÉY.

† The late Right Hon. JOHN Lord BERKELEY, of STRATTON. This great and good Man constantly fought for Objects of real Charity; by him the Naked were constantly clothed, and the Hungry daily filled. He was the best of Neighbours, the best of Masters, and a steady, sincere Friend.

‡ Ad Rem attentiores. TER.

C

To

To climb's the Labour, to ascend the Toil, 235
 To tumble headlong's easily achieved;
 In View of nearer Beauties I proceed,
 More lowly mounted. O'er the extending Vale
 And variegated Scene, Meads, Groves, Lawns, Woods,
 APOLLO's distant Fane commands the Eye 240
 To feast with Greediness. Beauties at hand
 Compel me to descend where DAPHNE cool
 Checks and defies PHOEBUS's youthful Warmth.
 Here Evergreens in Phalanx join to guard
 The Grove imbrown'd and coy PENETIAN Nymph. 245
 Numberless Paths a Labyrinth compose,
 And in Confusion regular I'm lost.
 The heav'nly Signal, that led CONSTANTINE
 To Victory, my grateful Toil suspends.
 Deep in the Grove 'twixt Hill and Vale is seen 250
 (Whence solar Rays are only not shut out)
 The Straw-built Convent elegantly neat.
 Within dwells Chastity of loosen'd Zone.
 Happy, cou'd other Convents vie with this
 In their Inhabitants! Here social Joy 255
 Connubial Ties enhance. No furtive Kiss
 The conscious Bed makes groan: Not Nun and Priest
 In Garb religious lustful Pranks repeat:
 But Wife and Husband, innocent as Doves!
 God's first Command, "increase and multiply," 260
 Fulfil with Joy, obey with Ecstasy.
 Religion and Felicity are One.
 Apart, Sisters of various Orders dwell
 Abstemious; through whose pure unbeaten Veins
 The purple Tide ne'er rush'd irregular; 265

For

'For human Nature never was their Lot.
 The Virgin-Parent and her human Son
 Divine, masterly, placid, lib'ral * HOARE,
 With tender, filial, and parental Looks
 Has fill'd: His soft and feeling Heart humane 270
 To Touches delicate his Pencil guides:
 And Nature follows as his Hand directs.
 Buried † in Ruins for whole Centuries,
 The Eastern Magi on their bended Knees:
 Humbly present their perfumed Offerings. 275
 Their past hard Fate judicious † BAMPFYLDE saw,
 And order'd them to be what once they were.
 Many a Scripture Scene from painted Glafs
 Stands forward, happy Artist's easy Toil.
 But view his Holiness before grim Death 280
 In vain retiring: His unerring Lance
 The "chap-fall'n Monster" couches, and down goes
 Infallibly Infallibility.

Hence with progressive Step again I plunge
 Into the lovely Grove with eager Pace. 285
 My Fellow-Trav'ler feels my sharp-arm'd Heel,
 And rashly throws herself—into a Trot.
 I check her Rashness, gladly she obeys:
 The mutual Fault acknowledg'd Peace ensues.
 I pass a thousand thousand Trees combined 290
 To form the lonely, cool, sequester'd Grove.
 Their Age, their Youth, their Stateliness, their Height,

* Mr. HOARE, of BATH.

† In the Ruins of GLASTONBURY Abbey.

‡ The Gentleman whose Paintings in the Collection at STOURHEAD do him Honour.

Their various Verdure, their Infinity,
 Raise in the Soul Thoughts various as themselves,
 Which Language, feeble Language, ne'er can reach. 295
 No human Voice assails th' offended Ear,
 Nor interrupts the Chain of Thoughts intense.
 No human Form quickens my Snail-like Pace;
 Nor human Eye discovers me reclined
 On Nature's Bed, composed of hairy Grass, 300
 Spontaneous Flowers, with yielding Moss inlaid.
 A solemn Silence penetrates the Whole;
 Rich Scene for Contemplation worthy Man!
 Save that the Natives from their luscious Throats,
 With echoing Notes salute the ravish'd Ear, 305
 Sweet as the Notes of AYLESBURY's * Daughters fair,
 When pious Inclination tunes their Voice
 (Flowing like Voice of + NESTOR from their Tongue)
 Attended by th' inflated Organ's Swell,
 To elevate the rapt harmonious Soul 310
 Of their fix'd Grandfire, drown'd in silent Joy.
 The glossy Blackbird on yon' Larch's Branch
 Points with his yellow Bill towards the Spot
 Where his pent Mate devours his whistling Strains,
 And joyful undergoes Imprisonment, 315
 In Hopes her genial Warmth the pregnant Eggs
 May animate, and chirping Brood produce.
 The Leopard-breasted Thrush across the Path
 Darts, while the knotted Earth-Worm strives in vain.

* Lady Caroline-Anne and Lady Frances-Elizabeth BRUCE, Daughters of the Countess of AYLESBURY, and Grand-Daughters of Mr. HOARE.

* Τὴν καὶ ἀπὸ γλαύσσας μελίτης γλυκύαι ῥίπαι ἀυδῆ. HOM. II. 4. Ver. 249.

S T O U R H E A D.

13

His certain Bill conveys it to his Young :
 The struggling Mefs a Nestling soon regales. 320
 The Goldfinch delicate in Choice surveys
 Each Tree and Branch, ere he determines on
 That on which all his Hopes are to depend.
 His painted Mate sticks to his shelt'ring Side : 325
 She eyes the Spruce-Fir's Bough ; he sings Assent.
 Such Influence have Females with their Mates !
 The Crimson-pated Linnet, whose sweet Throat
 Swells with melodious, liquid, gliding Notes,
 On gaudy, fragrant Furze securely builds. 330
 No furious Blast assaults his humble Nest ;
 And the fell Vermin dreads a Million Darts.
 But now th' unwelcome strength'ning Light forebodes,
 My sudden Exit from this fairy Scene.
 Ye social, happy Choir, farewell : blest Shades 335
 Adieu : the heaving Sigh admits no more.

But see yon' imitative, pigmy * Crew,
 Numberless Embryo Forests two Feet high.
 See them dilate their little Selves, like Frog
 Æsopian, envious of their Neighbour's Size ; 340
 Erect their dwarfish Heads, as who wou'd say,
 Perhaps our gazed-at Neighbours have the Start,
 But yet the curious Eye will mete again.
 So has one seen a Thing of twice two Feet
 In human Shape, full grown, survey himself, 345
 And one of Patagonian Size, by Turns.
 He struts comparing, and comparing struts,
 And feels himself " a marv'llous † proper Man."

* The Nurseries.

† SHAKESPEARE.

Hence

Hence Groupes of † dubious Beauties seize the Eye,
 And flash as Light'ning on its weaken'd Nerves. 350
 The snowy Cascade from the pendent Rock,
 More § than the subject Naiads entertains
 With sheeted Torrent and incessant Roar.
 It plunges headlong to the Deep beneath :
 The Deep beneath || revisits Parent Clouds. 355
 Resulting Gems of the first Water mix
 With PHOEBUS' Rays, and PHOEBUS' Rays enhance.

The consecrated Edifice rever'd,
 By Piety preserv'd thro' Centuries,
 Simplex Munditiis lifts its awful Head 360
 Of dusky Rock ; while chearful Seriousness
 Pervades the Soul contemplative, serene.
 The captivated Eye, views and reviews
 This striking Contrast with its neighbouring Fanes.
 Their various Style with various Pleasure fills, 365
 And each conspires to form th' enchanting Whole.

The Laurel Grove, like horned DIAN, leads
 To limpid Draught from Cup of sacred Tree.
 Bloated * SILENUS had thro' Envy burst,
 Seeing his fav'rite Jug surpass'd by mine. 370

But lo ! a dire Impediment compels
 To halt. The tott'ring ruin'd Arch impends,

† *Cœna dubia* apponitur.

Ge. Quid istuc Verbi est ?

Pb. Ubi Tu dubites, quid sumas potissimum. TER.

§ Sonitu plus quàm Vicina fatigat. QVID.

|| Sidera superat Unda. VIRG. Æn.

* Vide Virg. Ecl.

Nodding

Nodding Destruction from its convex Weight.

I gaze—it falls not—Resolution comes.

ALCIDES' neighbouring Shoulders I invoke,

375

Ere with prone Face the Danger imminent

I undergo. ALCIDES hears invoked.

The Pass refounding I leave far behind,

Before I dare with retrospective View

And Countenance erect, to thank the God

380

With feeble Voice and unnerv'd trembling Hands.

The fretted, elegant, embroider'd Spire,

A Groupe of KINGLING's not less elegant

May boast. Least I offend the living Stone,

I move averse, and swear by grizzled Beard

385

Of yonder Blacksmith, ALFRED's worth 'em all.

My Company the quick-ey'd Groom receives.

Me weary * FAUGOINE, silver'd o'er by Care,

Conducts to FLORA's latent, modest Fane.

Of placid Mein the Goddess stands confest.

390

Perfumes from million Flowers of thousand Dyes

(The seeming Work of fortunate, blind Chance)

By pregnant Zephyrs gently are convey'd,

To the sweet Dome and titillated Nerves.

Ascend we, where the haughty, puff'd CHINESE

395

With Look disdainful views the Globe his own :

Which he proves clearly was ten thousand Years

In Being, ere the Architect divine

* Household Steward.

In:

In Wisdom had contriv'd the glorious Plan.
What may not Home-bred Bigotry conceive !

400

Still we ascend, till the gay Silver Tent
Of Mussulman th' extended Nerves unbends.
Here seated I regale luxuriously ;
While three resplendent Crescents o'er my Head
At Mid-day shine—and PHOEBUS is obscur'd.
What may not Art with Nature when combin'd
Atchieve ! PALLADIO's Arch lofty, superb,
Bestrides COLOSSUS like the lucid Plain.

405

Its distant Feet on Shores remote are fix'd.
Absorb'd in Wonder gazing NEREIDS sail.
There the majestic Cynus is moved by,
Not yet forgetting he was once a * King,
If from his Carriage one may guess his Thoughts.

410

His Brother, Majesty apart, hoists Sail,
And rapid rushes on thro' yielding Waves.
So BARRINGTON rush'd on the Gallic Fleet.
So † PIERSON, FARMER, REYNOR flew to crush
Their Country's Foes. And so mov'd slow along
——, ——, ——, tarnish'd Names.

415

Huge Carp, like Porpoises, their fatten'd Sides
And golden Scales in wanton Sport display.
*Cross the reflecting liquid Mirror see,
Depending Forests tumbling headlong down
To Heav'ns Concavity and Sol immerg'd.

420

* Vid. Ovid. Met.

† The three heroic Commanders of the Serapis,
Quebec, and Isis ; Names that will shine in historic Page ; while those, who sa-
crificed their Country to Party or private Animosity, may esteem themselves happy,
if their Names are buried in Oblivion.

Beyond,

Beyond, the Habitation of the Gods, 425
 Of easy Majesty, attracts the Eye.
 The Vestible Corinthian Pillars grace
 In lengthen'd Series. What herself has rais'd,
 PALLAS inhabits with maternal Joy.
 Scan with an Hypercritic's Eye this Scene, 430
 Even Severity is forced to own
 Each Object to its Neighbour Lustre adds,
 And each receives the Lustre that it gives.

Hence to the lively Margin we descend,
 Which am'rous Waves in vain aspire to kiss. 435
 Station how dreadful, ever within Sight
 Of Happiness, they never can enjoy!
 By numberless and gentle Steps at length
 We gain the Centre of PALLADIO's Art.
 Above, below, and on each adverse Shore, 440
 Such Crowds of Beauties meet at ev'ry Point,
 That even Admiration is outstripp'd.
 Nor can that stupid stoic Apathy
 Pass by my Soul uncensur'd, uncondemn'd,
 That "nothing to admire is Happiness." 445
 Alas, poor HORACE! where was LALAGE,
 When thy Nil Admirari thou daredst pen?
 Was she unkind? or hadst thou been too blest?
 Or neither? 'twas perhaps a foggy Morn.
 Hadst thou, sweet FLACCUS, ask'd thy own good Heart, 450
 Thy Stoicism had receiv'd the Lie.
 Equally gentle Steps descending lead
 To Works of Genius hinted by the Muse.
 The winding Path and venerable Grove

To hallow'd Grot of sleeping Nymph direct. 455
 Hail, lovely Creature! softly may'st thou rest.
 Thy * supplicating Mandate I'll obey,
 Nor with ungente Tread thy Slumbers break,
 But " drink in Silence, or in Silence lave."
 May no Despoiler violate thy Bed 460
 Of living Moss : May thy ten thousand Rills
 Somniferous no brutal Hands pollute
 May thy sweet polish'd Limbs escape the Touch
 Of CLODPOLE, or more dangerous Home-bred 'Squire.
 If my most tender Wishes ought avail, 465
 Time with his hideous Wrinkles shall in vain
 Assail thy snowy Breast and Lily Cheek.
 Alas ! but one short Hour must I admire
 Thy lovely Self, and envy'd, blest Abode,
 Rais'd by the Muses and the Muses' Friend. 470
 Here GARRICK wish'd to lay his pigmy Limbs,
 Not without Hopes of amorous Disport,
 Nor weighing what his Shoulders well could bear.
 So has one seen Cur-dog eight Inches high
 Attempt the stately, arduous Greyhound's Love. 475
 The lengthening, arch'd, solemn Passage points
 To ancient, grey-bearded, yet jealous, Strout.
 Absurd, to grudge to others Happiness,
 Himself can never give, nor e'er enjoy !
 With squinting Eye retorted see him guard, 480
 The beauteous fair One's tempting Attitude.
 At the dull Keeper e'en my Spaniel barks,
 And bristles at him as she passes by.

* Oh ! spare my Slumbers.

But

But view the dearest Nymph's delicious Seat.
 Here Marble, Spar, and Stone of thousand Cells 485
 In regular Irregularity,
 The concave, circular, and conic Roof,
 From Iris borrowing its hundred Hues,
 Most happily are blended to compose.
 Ivy sesquipedal waving depends 490
 From gladd'ning Summit ; whence the bounteous Light
 Insinuating, hidden Charms reveals.
 Emblem of Innocence, her Neck of Snow
 On Iv'ry Arm reclin'd, the Nymph supports
 With less'ning Fingers her unrivall'd Cheek. 495
 The tinkling Rills salute her as they pass,
 Come to her pure, and Purity depart.
 Petrified Summer-Icicles depend,
 And taper, fragil, various Lengths display.
 Myriads of Pebbles constitute the Floor, 500
 Where fairy Orbs discover tripping Elves.
 STOUR's Urn, which Time shall ne'er exhaust, I scan,
 His Waters sweet and Seat of living Rock,
 And burst thro' Envy at his Happiness.
 An Arch, with Time coeval, Laurels crown ;
 Nor does th' old * "Clock-Setter" it's Strength impair. 505
 I mount, tho' loath, by Flight of native Steps,
 Where Grove of glitt'ring Trees threatens the Sky :
 Their gloomy Shade, dreadfully beautiful,
 The subject Grot defends : as I proceed,
 Their sturdy Roots excrescent block my Path. 510

* SHAKESPEARE.

But the Pantheon claims my Gratitude;
 To which I hasten o'er the shaven Lawn,
 Guarded on this Side by an hanging Wood;
 On that see NEPTUNE's Wheels the liquid Road
 Divide, exulting in his fair Domain.
 The widening Gates open without a Jarr,
 And adverse friendly HERCULES present.
 With bended Knee I thank the God benign
 Of placid Features mix'd with Majesty.
 Hence his all-powerful Limbs cease to affright;
 Nor are his nervous Arms and brawny Legs
 With Horror seen, but Gratitude inspire.
 True Use of Power's not to oppress the Low,
 But, like ALCIDES, Foes of human Race
 To crush, and bridle monstrous Tyranny.
 The heavenly Assembly strikes me dumb;
 And their grand Presence bids me to forbear
 T' indulge in idle Song, and not prophane
 Their sacred Deities in uncouth Verse.
 Who dares oppose the Will of Goddeses?
 Above, Mythology, poetic Tales;
 In Execution not less masterly
 Than ancient Poets sung those waking Dreams,
 In circular Arrangement are admired.
 The Deities adored and Grandeur view'd
 Of their Abode celestial, I recede
 With Bend obsequious and timid Step:
 But not a God or Goddes deigns a Nod.
 The greatest Let to social Intercourse
 Is Inequality: This 'tis that makes
 Ashes to Ashes bow, and Dust to Dust.

Hence

Hence I salute again the circ'lar Lawn,
 And tow'rds the Hermitage am mov'd along.
 Here at the Entrance meets me clad in Black,
 Extending once his Empire o'er the Globe, 545
 Ancient as Chaos, "Darkness visible."
 The silver'd Denizen from Home was crawl'd
 To fill his earthen Pitcher from the Stream.
 Sallad and Bread his constant Viands are:
 His fragil Clay he moistens from his Jug. 550
 His slender Furniture is soon survey'd:
 A Lanthorn, necessary Implement, is seen:
 He travels by his Hour-Glass tow'rds his Grave.
 A Death's-Head with but few *Et Cæteras*
 " * Are thinly scatter'd to make up a Shew." 555

In Search of brighter Scenes I take my Leave,
 And strive to gain the Palace of the Sun.
 What, but Mankind is ready to attempt?
 Inflamed with glitt'ring Gold the Dome superb
 Dashes insufferably-bright'ning Beams 560
 On giddy Mortals. PHAËTON Himself
 Cou'd not endure his Father's Brightness near;
 To little Purpose erst I read his Fate:
 Vertical Rays pierce through my burning Flesh;
 My agitated Brain exulting strives
 To burst its Prison. CALEDONIAN Gods,
 Presiding o'er Eternity of Frost,
 Compared with which GREENLAND's Heart-piercing Ice
 Is thirsty AFRIC's burning Noon-tide Heat,
 Pour, oh! pour on me grateful Loads of Snow. 570

* SHAKESPEAR.

But

But not a God my Invocation hears,
 Or deigns to help an ENGLISHMAN distressed.
 My bravest FARMER, Heav'n to thee was kind;
 Th' Almighty saw thy glorious Acts well-pleased:
 His sudden Flash snatch'd Thee to endless Bliss. 575
 Tortur'd by slow Degrees I burn, I'm scorch'd:
 My Nerves relax'd their wonted Aid deny:
 I sink, I fall: Down the Declivity
 To Earth I'm once again rapidly hurl'd
 Unconscious of my Fate. My friendly Guide 580
 To HELLYAR's Roof conveys me purpl'd o'er,
 Here my kind Hostess, generous, gentle Soul,
 With lib'ral Hand administers Relief,
 With which her soothing Voice co-operates.
 Now dawning Reason mourns the fatal Chance 585
 That stepp'd between my Happiness and me,
 Anticipation, Prophets untrue,
 Had pledg'd Herself fresh Beauties to disclose
 From ev'ry Region that I shou'd survey
 Amazed, what ev'ry Genius could achieve: 590
 That TITIAN's Pencil I shou'd own surpass'd;
 That Eastern Grandeur shou'd no more be heard
 With Wonder; that Elegance unrival'd
 Shou'd its whole Self expand at once to View,
 Fortune superior blasts my fav'rite Scheme, 595
 And lays me prostrate to lament my Fate.
 In Hopes Anticipation may prove true
 To giddy Fortune's Pleasure I submit.

FINIS.